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IN A GALE

If he I love were on the sea,
My God, how I would pray to Thee!
And now I know that I should pray,
 With urgent tears, to Thee on high,
That Thou would'st call Thy storm away
 Lest other women's loved ones die;
And on my knees should supplicate
 With all the strength that in me lies:
(For other women watch and wait
 With anguish written in their eyes.)
Lord, show them pity evermore!
 But I can neither weep nor pray,
For oh, my dear is safe ashore,
 And I go singing all the day.

CONSCIENCE

Underneath the night sky, and out upon the heath,
It makes a man feel lonesome, and scared at a breath.
Maybe, in the open you're nearer up to God,
But set my feet in well worn paths that other feet have trod!
Underneath the night sky the ghosts begin to creep—
Ghosts that cry of evil things long laid to sleep,
Little ghosts that whisper of a cold eternity.
Oh, give me friends and fireside to warm my soul and me!
Cecily Fryer